

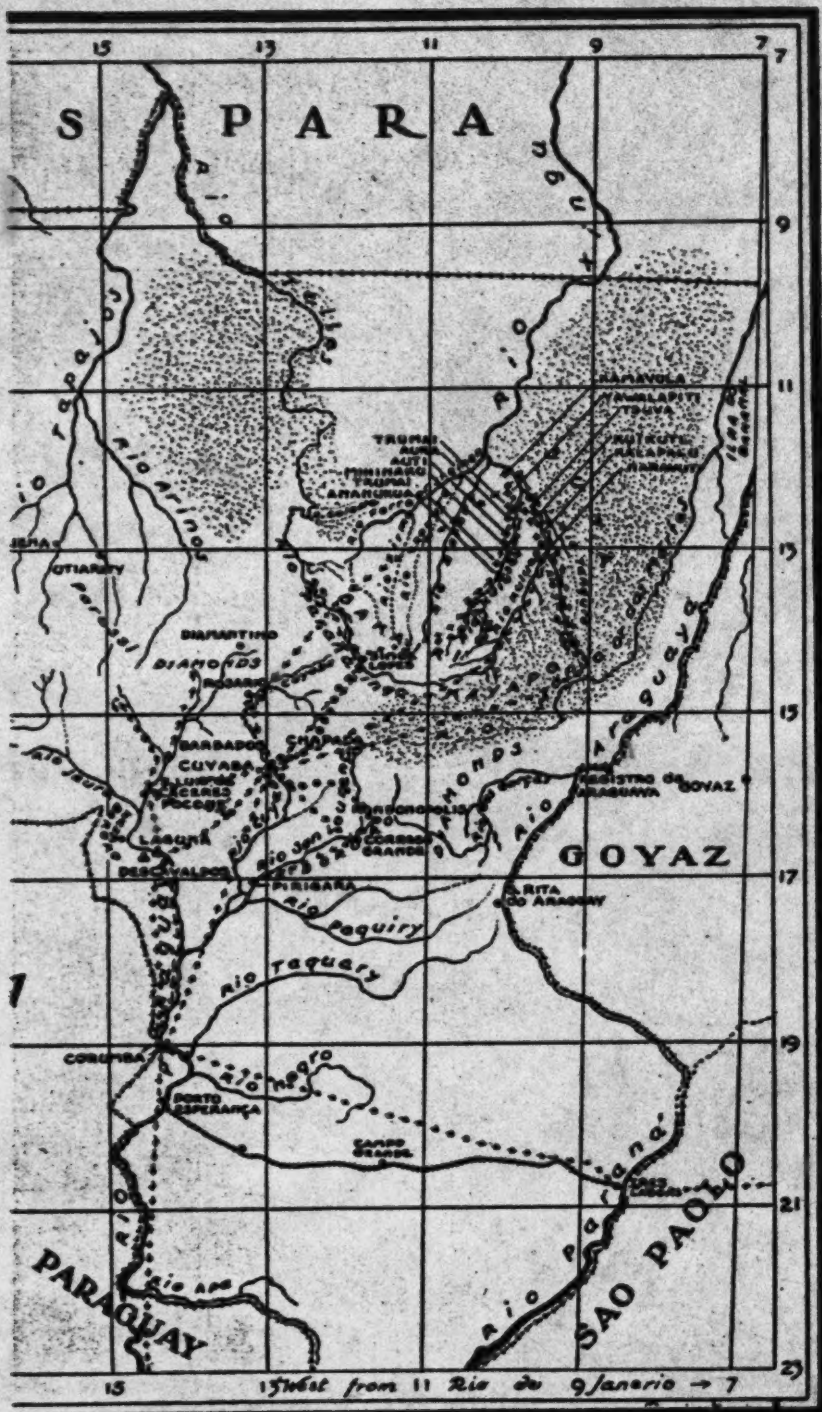
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[Facing P. 180-A]

[Plate XXV-A]

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

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FOLLOWING THE WILD MAN'S TRAIL—LIFE IN A
SAVAGE CLUB-HOUSE—FLOATING DOWN
THE RIO POGÓBU.

WHILE we had our headquarters near the Ta Dare Mano
Paro village, we made a visit to the Kogi au Paro village of
the same tribe some twenty miles distant.

We followed a trail used only by the savages, and over
which no civilized man had ever before passed. It led largely
through a forest which was so dense in many places, that the
trail was like an opening through a thick hedge, or through a
wall. This opening was just large enough to permit the
naked wild man to pass comfortably. But we were mounted
on mules, and had one mule carrying two boxes containing
our cooking outfit and food. Consequently, we had to make
the hole larger on all sides. Even after our muleteer, who
led the way on foot, had enlarged the opening, we were com-
pelled to practice rough riding continually to avoid being
raked off our beasts, or having our limbs crushed. Besides,
our passage was barred by many deep ravines, gulches, wash-
outs and streams, the banks of which were often nearly ver-
tical. Our mules were experts in descending the banks,
for they would bunch up their feet, like mountain goats,
and slide down. But, in many cases, they were unable to climb
out on the other side until we had dug steps with a grubbing-
hoe. There was often deep water in these places. We also
encountered at nearly every step great bunches of wild pine-

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Brazil.

361 some distance before casting ourselves into the current.
 [22] Missing the landing place, there was great danger of our losing, not only our effects, but our lives as well.

We found the cluster of huts situated about one mile back from the river, and in the heart of the densest and most impassable upland tangle that I have ever seen. The trees [37] were fifty feet high and less, and almost numerous enough to form a thick forest, while below them, the whole country was overgrown by a terrible jungle of bushes, briars and coarse grass. A small, circular space, like a gigantic nest, had been cleared in the center of this forbidding thicket, in which fifteen or twenty palm-branch huts clustered in the usual disorder. [48] This wild man's lair was approached by a serpentine path just wide enough to allow men to pass in single file. The village was hidden away in this manner in order that its position might not be known to enemies, or that it might be very difficult to assault.

122 We were conducted at once to the great hut, where we
 345 were entertained while in the village, and in one corner of which we suspended our hammocks and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. But we found this a hot, stuffy, ill-smelling *hotel*, and in addition, the mosquitoes were very numerous and industrious.

622 As soon as we were settled, we asked to see the chief man
 of the village, who appeared. He was six feet tall, well proportioned, intelligent and dignified, and the finest appearing Bororó I had seen. He seemed to have more real authority, too, than any Bororó captain I had met. The Bororó have [622] no tribal chief. Each village governs itself, independently, [624] having a few elderly men who are captains, in a way, by reason of seniority, in whom the chief authority is vested. But their powers, and the obedience rendered them, seem to be variable and uncertain. A strong character may arise from time to time, and by favoring circumstances, reach a position where he may command the entire obedience of his village. But ordinarily, the chief men do not appear to possess much real authority, individually. Of course, when they go

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415 ^{The men} on the hunt needed no vessels or they knew how to make do with fruit /482/ shells and bamboo, they kept their feathers in large bamboo boxes, and the women made pot-bowls and water pots at home. The giant bamboo does not grow in the vicinity of the colony, but is fetched from some distance; we found containers 50-60 centimeters long and nine centimeters thick, out of which longitudinal lids had been cut.

224 On page 558 I have presented drastic examples of the crude lack of understanding which was characteristic of the Bororó in contrast to the field cultivation of the Brazilians. The men went out hunting for days and weeks; sometimes they were accompanied by a few women. Thus it was not a purely nomadic life, but rather settlement was present. It was made possible by the roasting of game and by fishing.

[25] We saw a group of returning hunters; they brought home in carrying baskets a quantity of meat very thoroughly roasted, black and dry, chiefly wild pig, fowl, and turtles, with large, charred pieces of skin and only little meat adhering to them.

[51] The Brazilians valued the Bororó as excellent trackers; deserting soldiers were soon caught with their help.*

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* In order to prevent the troops sent out against them from finding their village, the natives resorted to the ruse of traveling the final stretch of the way through the trees as much as possible.

226 Fish were shot with arrows or caught with hooks, which they made out of stolen iron and out of the shell of the turtle, copying the Brazilian model, or in nets; in that a circle was formed and the fish driven together. They also blocked narrower rivers with branches and grass, leaving a few funnel-shaped entrance holes, behind which an enclosure of bamboo sticks was erected. In shallow rivers, Clemente said, the Indians remained in the water all night, working by palm torches. The assertion that they were able to remain under water for a long time remains incomprehensible to me. They chewed the bitter leaves of the "dyorúho"

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